

For Tan Shoes.

A SIMPLE method for cleaning tan shoes is to rub with a flannel dipped in turpentine, rubbing off with a clean flannel. This will remove spots and stains—any dried mud should first be washed off with water—and make the shoes look almost new again.

The Luxury of To-day Is the Necessity of To-morrow.



Magazine Page



By NELL BRINKLEY
© 1918, by International Feature Service, Inc.

This Day in Our History
THIS is the anniversary of the meeting in 1774 of the first Continental Congress. Every colony, except Georgia, was represented in the gathering at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, and the delegates adopted a Declaration of Rights and established the American Association, paving the way for the Declaration of Independence.

The Wolves of New York

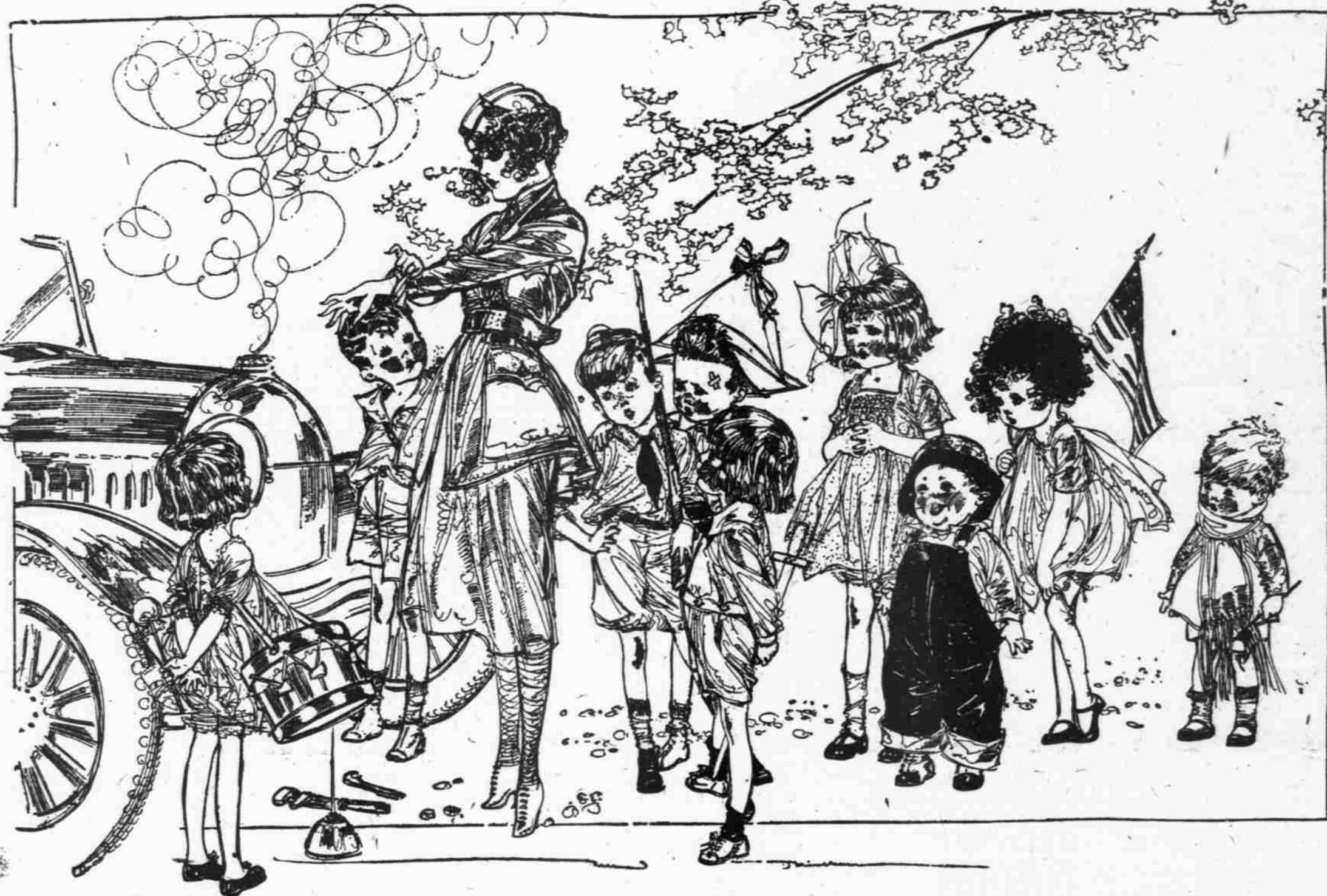
"The country through which we passed became wilder as we went on. The mountains were about us, pine-clad for the most part and not very lofty, but behind the hills, through eminences rocky and bare, and still further away, were snow-clad peaks. I remember that, as the sun came out that morning, it tinged one of those peaks a brilliant red."
"The highest peak of the Fatra," said my companion; "it is among those mountains that I live. You will see."
"We passed few villages on this part of the road; there were, indeed, few signs of habitation at all, and the land was hardly of a description to demand cultivation. Here and there, however, we descended from some precipitous slope into plains that somewhat counteracted the impression of solitude and savage grandeur."
"In a plain of this description lay Diehlitz. The village itself was on a little eminence at the very mouth of a narrow valley that from this point branched away among the mountains. Valenski pointed to this valley."
"Our way lies up there," he said. "It is a route 'old' but my horse is accustomed to it. We will make better progress than in this wretched old coach."
"Diehlitz was a more important village than any which I had seen since leaving the town. The coach passed through a narrow street and drew up at the door of a large inn. There were several fresh passengers waiting here, and, judging from their appearance, I was glad that I was going no further."
"Valenski sprang down and was immediately greeted by a dark, burly individual of unmistakably gypsy type. With him was a girl, very young and of astonishing beauty. She may have been fifteen years old, but it is very difficult to estimate the age of these dark Zigeuner folk. Before the coach drew up she had evidently been entertaining the crowd in some way. On a piece of spare ground close by were a few vans, and two or three younger men lounged around beside them. Valenski walked off to one of these with the elderly man—I found out afterward that his name was Lorki—leaving me to look after myself."
"I told the driver that I was going no further. He turned to me sharply, pocketing at the same time the tip I had given him."
"The Herr is not going there," he pointed up the valley—"with him!" He pointed at Valenski.
"Don't go, sir," he said, in his rough German. "Be advised by me. Proceed to your own destination. It is not well for a stranger to go among the Valenski Zigeuner."

CHAPTER CXXX.

A Mountain Fastness.
"I was not alarmed or even impressed by the driver's warning," continued Edgar Swan, after a moment's pause. "It seemed to me that he might very well be prejudiced against my companion on his coach who, as I had noticed, had treated him with scant consideration. I, therefore, merely laughed lightly, and said that in any case I should not travel further than Diehlitz that day. Whereat the driver grunted some inaudible remark, and made no further attempt to interfere with my plans."
"I was finishing a solitary meal when I heard the clatter of wheels in the yard without, and, glancing from the window, I saw that a curious conveyance drawn by two large, black horses, had drawn up near the door of the inn. I wondered to myself if this were the Valenski carriage and the gypsy-like appearance of the man who had been driving led me to the conclusion that it was so. Almost immediately afterward my supposition was confirmed, for Valenski himself entered the room and asked if I was ready to start."
"I have been with my friends," he explained, "but I hope that you found all that you needed, and have made a good meal. As soon as the horses have rested we will start. In the meanwhile, if you will take a stroll with me, I will give you your first introduction into gypsy life."
"Accordingly we walked over to the piece of bare ground where I had seen the vans, and here I found everything in a bustle as if preparing for departure. "These good people," explained Valenski, "are about to set out on their travels. They will journey westward across Europe. One or two of them may penetrate as far as America, to visit their brethren in your country. My friend and kinsman, Lorki, will certainly go there, he and his niece, Zara."
"Zara tells fortunes," said Valenski, "and has other strange powers."
"Will she not tell mine?" I asked, stretching out my hand, but almost immediately she dropped it and burst into a musical laugh.
"There is no need," she said, in pretty halting English.
"No need? Why?"
"She merely laughed again, and stood gazing at me with her glittering black eyes."
"She has her fancies," explained Valenski. "And it is not always that she will speak. You must forgive her!"
"I soon forgot the incident, and it was not till later that it returned to my mind. Also I have mentioned Lorki and Zara because I was fated to meet them again later on. I fancy that they, as well as Valenski, play their parts in the drama in which we are interested."
"We walked round the encampment, Lorki, who was evidently a leader, accompanying us. After some half hour or more we returned to the inn, and here we found that all preparations for our departure had been made. My portmanteau had been tossed away somewhere in the carriage. Valenski himself carried very little baggage."
"It was a curious, nondescript

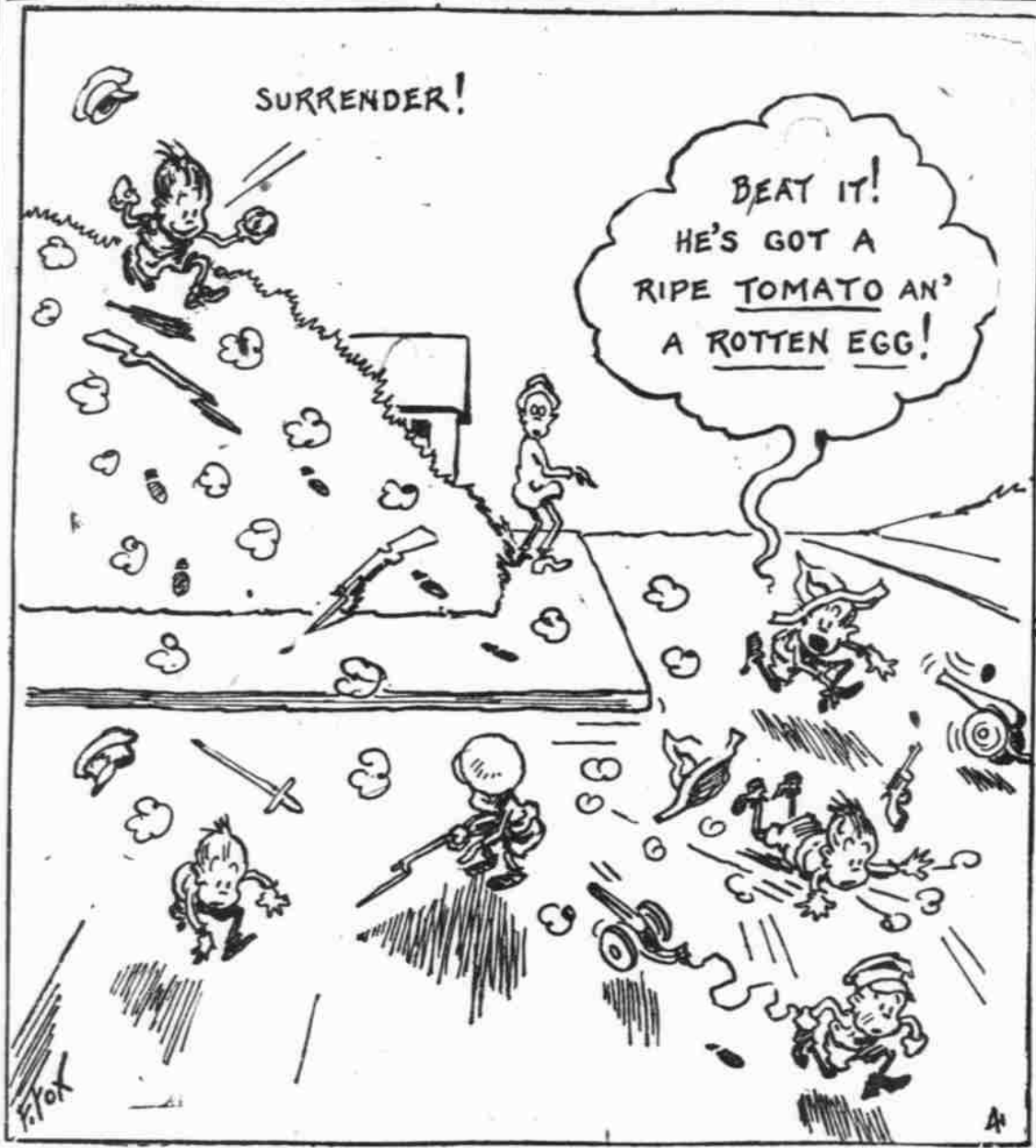
On My Street

Definition of a Magnet---When a War-Girl Breaks Down on My Street. What's a Mere Soldier-Man or a Sailor-Boy, or Two or Three?



"FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR."

By FONTAINE FOX.



sort of conveyance, fashioned somewhat after the manner of a sledge, with seats for two people, one being the driver, and a projecting "strapentin" behind. Upon this latter seat the man who had brought up the carriage took the reins, and I made myself comfortable by his side.
"The man who accompanied us—servant or whatever he might have been—was a curiously sulky creature. Valenski called him 'Paul'." "Remember that the Paul I knew was a sort of retainer of Valenski's. I don't know what other word to use, for he was certainly not a servant."
"I don't doubt it was the same," said Swan. "That is why I men-

THE PLOTTERS

A Serial of the East and West
John Butler Fails to Solve Reason for Picture He Has Seen on Dr. Wade's Desk.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
(Copyright, 1918, Star Company.)
WITH a dazed, dizzy sensation, John Butler sat down again and tried to assimilate the facts that had just come to him.
Of one thing he was sure. Lizzie Moore's picture had been on Dr. Wade's desk that evening last spring. And it had been the only photograph in the entire office.
Then she must be of enough importance in the physician's life for him to wish to have her face always before him.
Now John Butler understood the sensation of discomfort that had accompanied his recognition of the girl's resemblance to some one whom he thought he had met. It was because, at the time he had studied the picture, he had been so acutely miserable himself. The likeness and his mood were associated in his inner consciousness.
Well, that was explained. But there were many other incomprehensible things facing him.
Of course Douglas Wade had a right to this picture. But the original had not indicated that she had seen Wade of late years, or had had any communication with him. When she was a little girl she had known him, she said. Why had she not acknowledged that she knew him now?
Butler arrived at the conclusion he had almost reached on the day on which he had spoken to Elizabeth of Wade's attentions to his sister, Alicia. This conclusion was that the girl he admired must be fond of the young physician.
If not, she would not have been startled by the information imparted to her. Nor would she have allowed Wade to have a large picture of her upon his desk. And, clearest evidence of all, she would not have hesitated to admit that she and Wade were on terms of intimate friendship.
Just for a moment Clifford's vile suggestions came to John Butler's mind, but, as usual, he banished them as unbelievable. The girl might care for Douglas Wade. She might even be engaged to him. But whatever she did was honorable and right.
He repeated this statement over

SODA ESSENTIAL



Free books of instruction on drying and canning have been issued by the National War Garden Commission. They may be obtained from any of The Washington Times distributing stations.
and over to himself, and in his heart he knew that he believed it.
But, since his happiness depended upon the state of Elizabeth's affection, he felt that he had a right to study these.
He could not bring himself to the point of questioning the Chapins about their pretended cousin. That would be low and ignoble. But he must know who she was and what her feelings were, or he could not stay where he would see her frequently.
All was fair in love and war, he mused. And he certainly was in love. First of all, he would write to Dr. Wade.
This he proceeded to do. He acknowledged that he appreciated how phenomenal had been his own physical and mental improvement since his arrival on the farm. He would therefore think seriously of the physician's suggestion that he keep up the present regimen for a while longer. Much depended upon the developments of the next few days. He would communicate with the owner of the farm later. "By the way," he added, "I do not think that I have told you yet how much I admire this part of the country. You have a place of

which you may well be proud. But to make it what it should be would take a great deal of money. I wonder if you feel like putting so much money in a place at such a distance from your present home? For, of course, property out here is not very valuable just now; it is lovely, but land in this region will probably be hard to sell until a railroad runs nearer than it does now. And the train service from Midland to the larger cities is very poor."
"The matter of the farm is, however, your affair, and none of mine. When I leave I may never see this spot again. But I shall always be grateful for what it has done for me. I have managed to stand the eccentricities of your farmer. His wife and the friends who are staying with her have done much toward making me comfortable and content."
A grim smile crossed the writer's face.
"There!" he exclaimed. If the "friend" in question is very dear to him, he may be made a bit uneasy by that statement.
At all events, he hoped it might result in an explanation or revelation of some kind. Almost anything was better than this uncertainty.
A Letter From Amos Chapin.
The same mail that brought his letter to John Butler brought one to Amos Chapin. It was from his son, and contained the information that later—probably in the early fall—the young man might be able to negotiate the loan for which his father asked. Meanwhile, he said, it might be well to name a certain price to Douglas Wade and ask him if he would consider selling the farm.
"I would be glad to have you cut free from him and his kind," Clifford Chapin wrote. "He has made a calypso of you and mother this summer. You do not know it, but I do. And the sooner you get out of his clutches, the better."
"I suppose you are right when you say that he put Butler on the place to spy upon you. I do not see his object in keeping that girl there, but I bet he has some low scheme on foot."
"I think at first he wanted to keep her safe. I guess now it may be to get her out of his way. He may be a bit tired of her and finds her an inconvenience."
Amos Chapin scratched his head as he read this paragraph.
"I can't understand what Cliff's got against Lizzie Wade," he mused. "Wade sure has a right to send his sister to his farm, if he wants to—though goodness knows he don't pay any too much board. That's another proof that he's hard up. I guess the time's about ripe for me to make him an offer for his farm."
(To Be Continued.)

Pass in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

YOU remember in the last story the giant told Puss to take two buckets and fill them with water to make the egg. The Puss Junior looked at the buckets, the tops of which he couldn't even see, for they were two enormous hogheads, ten feet high and six broad.
"He, he!" shouted the giant, as he saw his hesitation, "and so you are stuck at the first thing. Sir Kitten! Do what I do, you know, and get the water."
"What's the good of that?" replied Puss calmly. "I'll go get the spring itself, and put that in the pot."
"No, no!" said the giant, "that won't do. You have already half spoiled my forest with your Magic Ax, and I don't want you to take my spring away. You may attend to the fire, and I'll go and get the water."
So the giant hung up the kettle, put into it an ox cut into pieces, fifty cabbages and a wagon load of carrots. And after that he skinned the broth with a frying pan, tasting it every now and then to see if it was done. When everything was ready, he turned to Puss Junior, and said:
"Now we'll see if you can do what I can. I feel like eating the whole ox, and you into the bargain. I think I'll serve you for dessert."
"All right," said little Puss Junior. But before sitting down to the table he slipped under his jacket his knapsack, which reached down to his feet.
Well, the giant ate and ate, and Puss wasn't idle; only he pitched it all into his knapsack when the giant wasn't looking.
"Ouf!" at last grunted the giant. "I can't do much more, I've got to unbutton the lower button of my waistcoat."
"Eat away, starveling!" cried Puss, sticking half a cabbage into his knapsack.
"Eat away, laxy-bones!" said Puss, sticking a huge chunk of beef into his knapsack.
"Ouf!" sighed the giant for the third time. "I've got to unbutton the third button."
"Bah!" answered Puss. "It's the easiest thing to relieve yourself," and he took his knife and slit his jacket and the knapsack under it the whole length of his stomach. "Now's your turn, do as I do, if you can!"
"Excuse me!" gasped the giant. "You win. I'd rather be your servant than do that."
And in the next story you shall hear what other wonderful things little Puss Junior did.
(Copyright, 1918, David Cory.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Says She Flirts.
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I met a girl some time ago who is about one year my junior and very "taking." I have already visited her home and met her mother, who is also a wonderful woman. But what is very puzzling to me is the fact that she always speaks to me of all her man friends and how they flirt with her. Now, Miss Fairfax, I love this girl dearly and she seems to care for me just as much. I would like your advice as to whether her attitude is only to tease me or whether she really does not care.
A. W.
You might drop a hint to the young lady that promiscuous flirting is not in the best taste, though I am rather inclined to believe that the vast array of friends, all of whom she describes as flirting with her, is largely mythical. The girl who actually flirts is secretive about it, particularly to other men; her game is to make him think he is the "only one." You might also begin to talk of the scores of women who are in love with you. A like sauce for the goose may sometimes be effectively administered by the gander.
Decides He Does Not Love Her.
Dear Miss Fairfax:
About five months ago I met a young sailor and learned to love him very much, and thought he cared about me. But the last time he came home he said we were through being sweethearts, but we would continue to be friends, and if I wrote to him he would write to me. Since then he has been near my home and is there at present, and I have tried hard to see him, but haven't been very successful. Will you kindly advise me what to do?
A BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL.
If you have no other claim on the young man but his very casual love-making, I am afraid there is nothing for you to do but to let him go. A girl very seldom gains anything by trying to hold a man against his will. I would not let myself be miserable over this affair, as it seems to me the young man was never in earnest, and it is not worth while making yourself unhappy over some one who is indifferent to you.